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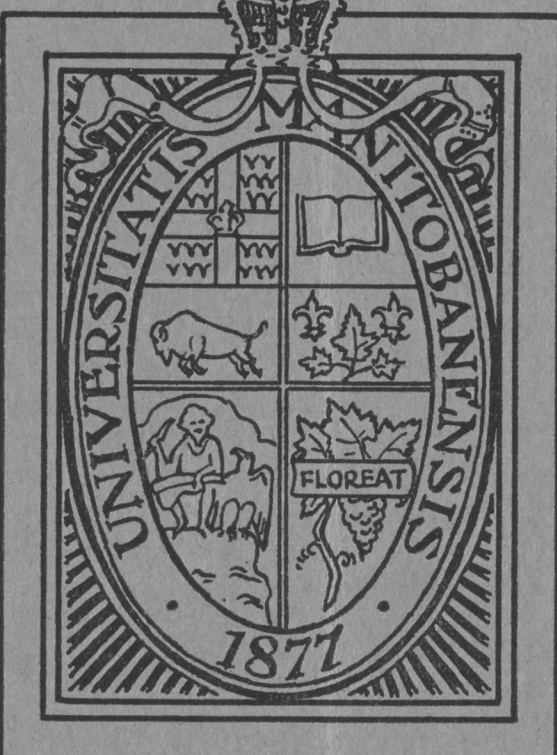


Vol. I. No. 4

DEC. 17, 1914

# THE MANITOBAN

LITERATURE · ART · SCIENCE · STUDENT ACTIVITIES



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

SOCIETIES · SPORTS · NEWS · NOTES



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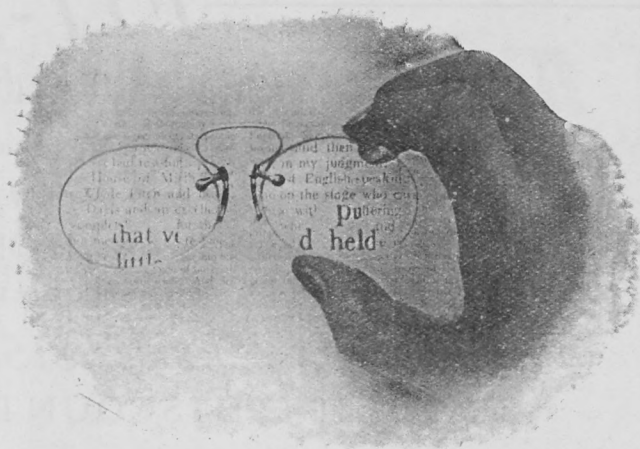
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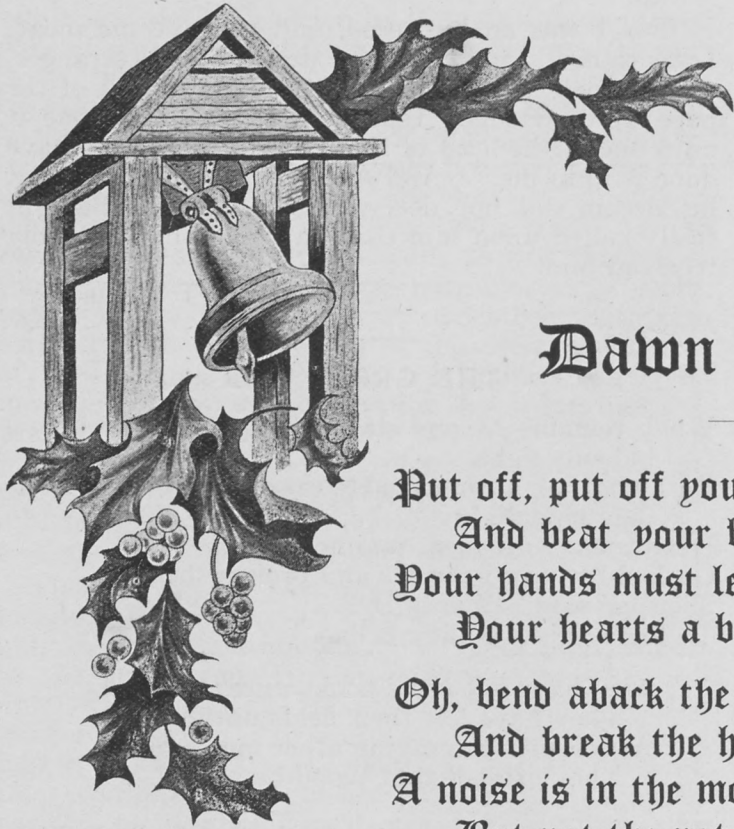
# THE MANITOBAN

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Vol. I.

Winnipeg, Thursday, December 17, 1914

No. 4



## Dawn of Peace

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,  
And beat your brands to dust,  
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,  
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,  
And break the helmet bar;  
A noise is in the morning wind,  
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths,  
The glittering hosts increase;  
They come, they come! how fair their feet—  
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,  
Our enemies are ours;  
For all the clouds are clasped in light  
And all the earth with flowers.

Ay, still depressed and dim with dew,  
But wait a little while:  
And with the radiant deathless rose  
The wilderness shall smile.

And every dainty tender thing  
Shall feed by streams of rest;  
No lamb shall from the flock be lost,  
Nor nursling from the nest.

—John Ruskin.



## TOLSTOI'S CHRISTMAS STORY

Tolstoi's *Short Stories* would make fine reading for the Christmas season. These stories are really powerful sermons in which Tolstoi pleads most effectively for sympathy with all the weary, heavy-laden and oppressed. The great heart of Russia's champion of democracy throbs everywhere in these stories and he who reads them can never forget their vividness and force of appeal. I first read Tolstoi's great story *Where Love Is, There God Is Also*, over ten years ago, but it seems like yesterday. It is the simple story of Martuen Avdyeitch, a Russian shoemaker. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. He was never out of work for he was a good man and always had his repairing done at the time promised. When his wife and little boy died, he became hardened, but when he began to read the New Testament, he found comfort for his troubled heart. One night he fell asleep over his Bible, and a voice suddenly seemed to sound in his ears: "Martuen! Ah, Martuen! look tomorrow on the street. I am coming."

It was difficult for the cobbler to work the next morning. He could look up through his window and see the people passing on the street. He knew most people in the town by their boots, so when anyone passed by in boots that he did not know, he looked eagerly to see if it might be Christ who had promised to visit him that day. Before long he saw an old soldier, Stepanvitch, shovelling the snow away in front of the window. Evidently the old soldier was very weak; he had not strength to do his work. Avdyeitch was filled with compassion for the poor old man. He went to the door and beckoned Stepanvitch to come in and have a glass of tea. Tolstoi's account of the conversation between the host and the guest is done in that realistic style of which the great Russian was a master. It is good-hearted talk between two simple souls, and no man can read it without emotion.

By-and-by the old soldier went back to his work, and the shoemaker began looking for Christ once more. Soon a woman stood in front of his window. She was poorly clad and held a child in her arms, and the child was crying and she was not able to pacify it. Avdyeitch went to the door and invited her to come into his shop. He soon discovered that the child was crying from hunger and the mother had had nothing to eat since the early morning. He placed food before her and poured out some tea. While she took her dinner, Avdyeitch tried to amuse the baby. "He kept smacking and smacking to it with his lips; but it was a poor kind of smacking, for he had no teeth." Then he waved his black finger, all soiled with wax, before the little one. It began to smile, and Avdyeitch was glad. Later on, when the mother told him the story of her misfortunes, he got out a little trunk and found a coat which had once been worn by his little son. He gave it to the woman. She burst into tears; she was greatly touched; she had never met with such kindness. When she went away, Avdyeitch began to think that there was something in his dream, and that he had been looking through the window, not without cause.

There were other callers that day, and Tolstoi concludes his touching story with an account of how at night, when he sat reading the Gospel, once more a light shone in the corner of the shoemaker's

room and Stepanvitch, the old soldier, appeared. Then a voice whispered in his ear: "Martuen! Ah, Martuen! did you not recognize me?" "Who?" uttered Avdyeitch. "Me," repeated the voice, "It's I." "And this is I," said the voice when the poor woman and the child appeared, smiled and vanished. And so with the others whom the cobbler had befriended that day. They also appeared. Then he put on his glasses and opened to these verses;

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in." And on the lower part of the page he read this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And Avdyeitch understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Saviour really called upon him that day, and that he really received him.

PROF. W. T. ALLISON.

## THE GREAT WAR

What remains of one slaughtered man is really a hideous sight,  
But what of a thousand corpses stretched in the pale moonlight?

Dead men, torn men, maimed men,  
Gashed by sword thrusts and broken shells.  
Sherman said, "War is Hell,"  
To me war is a million hells.

Men have left their books unread,  
They have left their fields untilled,  
And brutishly craving other men's blood  
They exult if that blood be spilled.

What feelings shake the breast of him who made this war,  
When o'er the men in trenches the storms of battle pour;  
When the battle rages wildly and dead men thickly fall,  
When bursting shell and shrapnel fill the air?  
When men cast a sideward glance as they hear their comrade call,  
And behold him wounded, bleeding, dying there?

When the heavens peel with thunder  
And a deadly rain pours down,  
From the nation's aerial navy  
Sailing high o'er trench and town?

Picture the ghastly outcome at the end of two long years,  
Half of Europe underground, the other half in tears!  
Half the world shaken by rifle shot or cannon boom,  
Or the tread of marching millions, who nothing give, and all consume.  
While the greatest nations of the world, order each mother's son  
To go proudly forth to battle and stand up before the gun.

It's the rent in the social fabric,  
And the toll in blood and treasure,  
It's the toll that is taken from civilization  
That nations forget to measure.

J. H. C., '17.



## BOOKS ABOUT THE WAR

Every day affords fresh proof—if that were needed—of the magnitude of the present war, of the extent to which it surpasses even the greatest of its predecessors. A side light, though not an unimportant one, is thrown on this by a moment's reflection on the role the press is playing in this war, as compared with what it played in any preceding one. The unparalleled use of ammunition of all kinds, from the great shells of the A2 centimetre siege guns of the Germans down to the rifle bullet, is indeed paralleled by the press ammunitions which have poured forth since—and before—the outbreak of war. The press has produced its high explosives of war books, its shrapnel of pamphlets, its quick fire of periodicals, its incessant crackle of daily press fire. An English bookseller's list of books and pamphlets on the war—it is over a month old—contains well over 300 items. Add to that the special war periodicals, to say nothing of those whose contents are now naturally nine-tenths taken up by the war, remember that these constitute the outpourings of the press of but one of the nations engaged in the conflict, and you may well be pardoned for feeling that it is impossible to be "fully" informed on the war. From this point of view indeed—not of course the most important one—the Press Censorship may appear as a blessing in disguise: it does tend, albeit unevenly, to decrease the strain on eyes and mind.

The causes for this press outburst are worth recollection. It is, of course, rendered possible only by the revolution which has taken place almost in the last decade in the cheapened cost of production following the increased demand for printed matter generally, but it is an integral part of a bigger movement. Democracies cannot embark upon war with the light-hearted disregard of public opinion and national sentiment possible in earlier days or less popularly governed countries. The actual decision at the moment of crisis must lie with the government and the popular representatives; but even then, and much more afterwards, they must justify their attitude to the nation. Sir Edward Grey's speech before war was declared illustrates this well enough, and the issue of the various government papers so early in the war—even in the case of less democratically governed countries, like Germany and Russia—illustrates the same regard for popular opinion inside, and outside, the nation. There is, we must not forget, another side to this. Democratic government, as the French Revolutionists learned by bitter experience, carries with it duties as well as rights. If, on the one hand, it is the duty of a government to make clear to a nation its reasons for going to war, and that at once, it is no less the duty of the citizen of a democratic State—and we are that—to inform himself (or herself) on those reasons, to read behind and about as well as more narrowly 'of' the war.

The matter of conflicting interests and issues in the war is naturally responsible for no small part of the war literature. With ten nations at war and others on the verge, nations representing different aims, drawn in for different causes, there is room for a good deal of necessary explanation. So we have books and lesser fry about Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Slav and Teuton, not to forget

our own special need as an Empire for something wider than a merely "English" war literature.

One further special cause has done something to swell the volume of literary ammunition—the existence of a great neutral power, the United States, whose opinion, though of course of no effect on the course of the war, may be a factor of more than academic interest later on, and has been deemed worthy of considerable attention even now. And finally—to revert to the ammunition metaphor—fire brings counter fire, attack defence or counter attack *ad infinitum*.

This war literature differs as much in kind as it does in value—and that is a great deal. There are the informative books—books telling us of the combatants, their armies and navies, their leading men, their methods in war. Archibald Hurd's useful little volume on *The Fleets at War*, or J. M. Kennedy's on *British Regiments at the Front*, are illustrations of this type of book to which we may add the literature on the ways of training for as of making war.

Likewise informative, though different in character, are the books of an historical character for whose publication, or republication, the war is responsible. We have books on Napoleon, on Bismarck, on the—so far—"everlasting" Balkan question, on the Franco-Prussian war, on British naval history and on European political and military history generally.

Then—perhaps we should have begun with these—there are the various government papers already referred to—the British and German White Papers, the Russian Orange Paper and the Belgian Grey Paper, those "much cited but little read documents," as Mr. Bernard Shaw recently called them. They are most easily accessible in the combined and translated issue of the *New York Times*, though the British paper ought also to be obtained in the Foreign Office reprint with a brief but useful introduction and an appendix of the speeches of Asquith and Grey. Twenty-five cents will purchase all these government papers.

Related to these, and to some extent based on them, are the books giving our reasons for entering into the war, and also to some extent those of the enemy. One of the ablest is that written by six teachers and writers of history in the University of Oxford, entitled *Why We are at War*, wherein Great Britain's case and the case against Germany are put lucidly and sanely by men of different views in politics, who nevertheless agree in the conclusions of their six short chapters. More inspiring perhaps, though less rounded off, and dealing almost entirely with the relations of Germany and England and the aims and ideas of the former, is the late Professor Cramb's short and unfinished set of lectures on *Germany and England*. It is a brilliant statement of the issues between Prussian militarism and English imperialism. The book is compiled from lectures given a year or so ago—a fact which makes it of special interest—and its stirring appeal to Britain, no less than its brilliant exposition of the views of the Prussian Militarist school, led by Treitschke, give its pages a value which it is to be deeply regretted its author did not live to see realized. Dr. Sarolea's book, *The Anglo-German Problem*, was likewise written before the war. Dr. Sarolea,

as everyone knows, is a Belgian, Professor of French in Edinburgh University and much else besides, and his book is a more complete and longer statement of the Anglo-German relations, which to him were irreconcilably and inevitably hostile through the aims of Germany.

We are not indeed dependent solely on British statements of the meaning and aims of Prussian militarism. From the United States we have Professor Usher's *Pan-Germanism*, a book published a year or so ago, whose interest as a statement of German aims in international affairs is somewhat lessened by the author's tendency to allow his imagination to run riot over the fields of European diplomacy, as well as by some misstatements of fact. And from Germany herself come the writings of Treitschke and his disciples. Of these, General Von Bernhardt is best known to us, and that by his book *Germany and the Next War*. It is the book of a soldier, the work of a man who believes and makes no secret of his belief, that war is as good for a nation as it is inevitable; that his own nation, by virtue of its pre-eminent qualities of race, intellect and soul, is destined above all others for "world power," and that to that high end she must subserve her national life, her military preparations, her international relations, which last are to be binding only so long as they subserve that end. These are strong views, how widely held is a matter of dispute. But this denial of so much of what we have come to regard as essential in our civilization, this cynicism and a certain naivety of understanding hardly detract from their arrogant force to those who hold them.

Prince Von Bulow's *Imperial Germany* hardly merits indeed to be mentioned in the category of war literature at all. It is rather the account of his stewardship—for public consumption—of the Imperial Chancellorship, and as such it is of no small value for the light it throws on German, or rather Prussian, foreign and domestic policy in the last decade. A book which owes its origin solely to the war from the same side, is Professor Munsterburg's *America and the War*, a book whose sincerity weighs more than either its arguments or its noticeable omissions.

I had meant to say nothing of periodical or pamphlet literature, but two exceptions seem desirable. The ablest articles on the situation before the outbreak of war may be found in *The Round Table*, a British Empire quarterly, of September of this year; and of pamphlets, the series of *Oxford Pamphlets* on almost every conceivable issue raised by the war, can hardly be omitted.

There is finally a species of war literature on which it is yet too early even to attempt to pass judgment. We cannot forget the share of the movement of over a century ago, and the wars that followed it before Waterloo, in inspiring the romantic movement—the work of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, with the host of lesser names. It may be that the ripples of the sea of English poesy will be stirred by the war into a veritable flood tide of verse, and so make more memorable what nothing of earthly or heavenly melody could justify.

If we fix an "irreducible minimum" of war literature, which we should try to read, let us say enough to secure a pass mark in an examination paper—it ought, I think, to include the British White Paper, which includes much more than its

title suggests, some chapters in Bernhardt's book (e.g. that on World Power or Downfall), Cramb's short book on England and Germany—and as much else as a Christmas vacation allows.

RALPH E. FLENLEY.

## Honor Roll

### University of Manitoba Men at the Front

ANDREWS, A. H. G.	
ADAMSON	
BELL, Dr. F. C.	Medical Corps.
BELL, Dr. P. G.	Medical Corps.
BEDSON, K. C.	Capt. Ft. Garry Horse
BEDSON, S.	Capt. Ft. Garry Horse
BANLEY, H.	
BOYD, Dr. (Prof. of Pathology),	Medical Corps.
BISSETT, P.	
COOPER, J. A., '13.	Engineers
COLLINS, BILL, '14	Engineers
CHURCHILL, H., '14	Engineers
COOMBES, C. V.	90th.
DAVIDSON, F. C. C.	
DUNFIELD, EBER.	Engineers.
DUVAL, P. G.	100th.
DUVAL, MERLIN	Ft. Garry Horse.
EVANS, ALBERT	Machine Gun Sect.
EWERT, A.	French Med. Corps.
FORD, R. A.	Sergt. 100th.
FRITH, L. E. C.	100th.
FORTIN, ARTHUR	A. S. C.
FORTIN, Dr. C. E.	R. A. M. C.
GARTON	
GUNN, Dr. J. A.	Medical Corps.
GRIESBACK, W. H.	Major Calgary Horse.
GILMOUR, H.	34th.
GRILLS, N. H.	100 Grenadiers.
HOGG, ARTHUR W.	Tullibardine Horse
HIGGENBOTHAM, E.	Engineers.
KERR, CHAS. E.	43rd.
MATHESON, EDGAR	79th.
MITCHELL, H. G.	
MORLEY, A. W.	
MORTON, JOCK	Signalling Corps.
MOTHERSILL, Dr.	Medical Corps.
McDONALD, G.	34th.
NAGY, C.	34th.
NASON, WM.	Royal Colonial Horse.
NORTON, GLEN	Signalling Corps.
PAYNE, Rev. A. B.	Hon. Capt. 27th Horse
PETERS, ROY	
PHINNEY, H. HAVELOCK	34th.
ROSS, GEO. H.	79th.
SMITH, Dr. ALWYN	Medical Corps.
STEVENSON, R. L., '17.	Engineers.
SHANKS	
STOCKEN, W.	100th.
STRANG, W.	100th.
TAIT, VICTOR, '14	Engineers.
URIE, "DAD," '13.	Engineers.
WATT, Dr.	Medical Corps.
WALLACE, ERNIE	Ft. Garry Horse.
WELLS, Rev. G. A.	Hon. Capt. 18th Mt. R
WILSON, H. K.	79th.
WOODS, Rev. A. W.	Hon. Capt. 90th.
WOLSEY, J. A.	
WHITAKER, Rev. B. L.	100th.
WILLIAMS, JACK	Engineers.

No foe besets our gates,  
No armies meet our ken!  
Yet echoes through our peaceful streets,  
The tramp of marching men.  
Ring out the British cheer  
With more than proud acclaim,  
The "true north" sends her sons afar  
To fight in Freedom's name!

—Fidelis.



## LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE

Prof. Stoughton, of the Architectural Dept., is giving a course of lectures on architectural style. Three, on Egypt, Greece and Rome, have been given; the remaining three, on Gothic, Renaissance and Modern Architecture respectively, will take place on January 11th, 18th and 25th.

As in every country and age, Egyptian architecture reflects the civilization of the people. Thus their peculiar religious belief as to the necessity of preserving the identity of the person after death till his appearance before the Judgment Seat of Osiris gave rise to the particular forms of the religious and funerary monuments. Of the former, we have remains of the most extensive temples in the world; of the latter we have the pyramids and cavernous rock-cut tombs.

Greece and her colonies occupy as important a place in architectural annals as in general history. The mighty temples in Attica, Asia Minor, Sicily and Southern Italy, at first archaic and later more highly developed, prepare the way for the culmination of the style at the center of Greek culture—Athens. The Parthenon exhibits the union of the most refined architectural form with incomparable sculpture. It stands as the type of the temple in which the dwelling of the god is surrounded by a colonnade of massive but elegant columns, which support a horizontal entablature and the low pitched roof. The Greeks thus devised the classic "order" in three of its varieties—the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian—easily distinguishable by their several capitals.

These forms are the basis of the Roman architecture, but in addition to columns and beams, the Romans developed the arch and vault, and were thus able to build on a grander scale.

## BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

In addition to the new clothes purchased by the Ladies' Committee, and the \$315.47 paid into the fund in cash, we sent quite a large quantity of clothes, making in all a contribution from the students of the University. Let us not stop at this one offering. The doors of the fund at Belgica Block, Garry Street, are always open, and assistance of all kinds is gratefully acknowledged by Mr. A. de Jardin, the secretary.

Many of us will be going home for the Christmas season, and we shall do well to think of those who have no home in which to celebrate the feast.

Words fail one in attempting to describe the almost unthinkable misery of the Belgian nation at this time, but at least we can, one and all, give something more to help them in their hour of sore need.

Receipts.		Expenditure.	
University Faculty.....	\$100.00	Goods—Stobarts' .....	\$ 93.15
Agricultural .....	85.77	Ames Holden .....	45.00
Engineers .....	9.25	Paid to Central	
Manitoba .....	51.00	Belgian Relief Fund	315.47
Pharmacy .....	10.50	Expenses of draying	
St. John's .....	116.75	clothes, etc., to	
Varsity .....	67.10	office of Fund.....	2.75
Wesley .....	16.00		
	<u>\$456.37</u>		<u>\$456.37</u>

Audited and found correct,

(Signed) FRANK ALLEN

In addition to the amount already paid in, \$5 was received subsequently from Mr. S. Fry, President Second Year Agricultural College. This amount has now been remitted.

## PRO PATRIA

Yes; go, my sons, my noble boys;  
Your anxious country's call obey.  
'Tis war reveals the base alloys  
That, in the dalliant days of peace,  
False lustres show.

There be—we cannot call them men,  
Who prey upon their country's good,  
And in the hour of danger seek,  
Like grovelling brutes, their den, content  
With patriot breath.

Think how, upon the field of Loire,  
Your forebear pledged his whole estate  
To save old France, his country dear,  
And gained for his heraldic shield—  
"Pro Patria."

Within you runs the good red blood  
Of Old Coligny's noble line.  
This native draft will cheer your heart  
Far more than quaffs of frothing wine  
Till battles cease.

To me full time forbids the field;  
A father's weaker life must rest  
In hope beneath your stronger shield;  
But there his years will do their best  
Till war shall end.

Be never rash, but ever brave  
Your country's honor to defend,  
Your threatened comrade's life to save,  
And to him, fallen, help extend  
Till peace shall come.

Then home, a welcome face to meet;  
Then home, all loving hearts to greet;  
Then home to honor, stainless, sweet,  
And to the world's assured peace  
To war no more.

Winnipeg.

F. B. DuVAL, D.D.

## TOUS CANADIENS

Dans une conférence faite tout récemment à Québec sur l'étude des deux langues, Française et Anglaise, Sir Wilfrid Laurier a exprimé le souhait bien opportun que l'union de l'Angleterre et de France sur les champ de bataille aide les deux races du Canada à se connaître et à s'estimer davantage.

C'est un vœu bien légitime et non seulement en ce qui concerne l'étude approfondie des deux langues, mais aussi en ce qui concerne l'intelligence et l'estime, par chacun des deux races de l'idéal de l'histoire, des aspirations de l'autre. Pour arriver à un pareil résultat, au lieu de nous voir, Canadiens-Français et Anglais, par nos défauts et nos oppositions, nous devrions nous appliquer à connaître et à louer réciproquement nos qualités et nos mérites.

Car, nous Canadiens-Français et Anglais, notre destin est fixé, nous sommes destinés à vivre côte à côte, et n'ayons pas honte d'estimer les Anglais lorsqu'ils le méritent; et que ceux-ci n'aient pas honte de nous! Ayons de la sympathie les uns pour les autres et ainsi nous demeurerons unis, les luttes mesquines qui selivrent entre les deux races cesseront, et nous donnerons l'exemple à travers le monde d'une grande nation unie par les sentiments.

GASTON.

# THE MANITOBA

Published on the First and Third Thursday of each month of the College Year  
by the Students of the Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Engineering,  
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## EDITORIAL



Good Wishes.

This is the Editor's chance to wish you, one and all, a Merry Christmas. Most of us, perhaps, do not feel particularly hilarious just at present; but in spite of all the Press has to say about society functions and needless extravagance, there is one kind of pleasure that it is incumbent upon us to enjoy to the full—healthy outdoor exercise. Canada is the home of winter sport, and as Canadians we cannot serve our country better than by toning up mind and muscle to their highest efficiency in our big out-of-doors. Health and cheerfulness are the greatest contributions we can bring to the life of our country to-day. They go hand in hand. We shall have history to make in 1915, and there is no better security for success than a holiday filled with plenty of skating and snowshoeing, and a goodly supply of Christmas Merriment. Let us go to it with a will! So here's to the Healthiest and Happiest of Christmases and the Brightest and most Successful of New Year's, and as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us all."

A University  
Reading Room.

The President, Faculty, and Council of the University cannot be praised too highly for the princely manner in which they have treated our University Students. At the beginning of the year, every assistance was given in facilitating re-organization, and the Staff of the *Manitoban* will remember with gratitude and pleasure their generous support. And now, as another evidence of their desire to meet our needs, the University is looking favorably on the establishment of a Students' Reading Room, and has already taken steps toward the procuring of space and equipment adequate to the social demands especially of those men not in residence at one of the Colleges.

Our University situation here is unique. Our problem is more grave than that faced by the men of any other of our Canadian Colleges. At Toronto, with a dozen College buildings, a Museum, Y.M.C.A., Library, Convocation Hall, and newly erected Gymnasium on the one campus, as well as two or three dormitories, the student life is largely localized. This is equally true

of Queen's and most of the other University centres on the Continent. As opposed to these, in our inadequate and now over-taxed temporary buildings, the time-honored window seat in the Engineer's smoking parlor, the verandah rail and front steps of Numbers 108 and 110, have played a prominent part in the life of many of our recent graduates. The popularity of the Y.M.C.A. parlors has increased greatly of late, and the contribution of that institution to the life of our men must be highly commended. The Colleges, in the past, have been the main social centres. Their place in the student sphere is large. But we are beginning to feel that we are a University—not a mere aggregation of independent units. Those old prejudices and blind rivalries have almost vanished amid the changes of the past two years, and now the demand is made for a student centre, where the men may meet to read, to discuss College matters in committee, and where any student, on payment of a nominal fee, may spend his spare hours in congenial company. The council is taking steps to procure a room in a modern city block centrally located and available for the purpose.

Of course, a down-town club has its advantages and its dangers. Here is an opportunity, if there ever was one, for a University Parliament to show its worth in managing, in conjunction with the Faculty, this new social centre, and to get some experience which will stand us in good stead when we eventually get our Gymnasium and Club Rooms out on the new University site.

✻ ✻ ✻

A *Manitoba*  
Quarterly.

The following is a letter received from one of our graduates. The *Manitoban* welcomes such communications, and especially this one, as the Faculty of the University has already been considering a publication of some such nature, and would be ready to cooperate, we feel sure, if sufficient support from the graduates was assured.

We hope to hear from more of the Alumni.

✻ ✻ ✻

December 7th, 1914.

Editor *The Manitoban*:

Dear Sir:

The third issue of *The Manitoban* has just come to hand. While glancing through its pages, the thought has recurred to me that the University of Manitoba, or its students and faculty, should publish a magazine similar to that which is issued from Queen's University, under the name of *Queen's Quarterly*. It seems that the call for such a publication should be strong, for the University, as far as I am aware, makes no special effort to keep in close touch with the alumni or to retain and stimulate their interest in matters pertaining to the University and the higher branches of learning. A magazine of this character ought to be able to accomplish this much, if nothing more.

The number of University men and women in this great west, and in Winnipeg in particular, whose loyal support and co-operation can be depended upon, is now so large that the undertaking should not be hazardous financially. Do you not think the time is ripe for a University magazine?

Yours truly,

A. E. JOHNSTON.



## ON BANQUETING

*Hints from an Old Timer*

First a few proverbs:

"Make noise while the soup lasts."

"Eat, drink and be sorry that tomorrow we fast."

"You can never tell an oyster by his smile."

"A snack in time goes fine."

First of all, when you enter the diningroom, don't take a run and a jump at a chair, but step



gracefully over the back of it, and then ooze gently to a sitting posture. This is much more dignified.

If you have taken the precaution to *fix* the bell-boy *previously*, now is the time to let everyone know that you are present. Have him rush in excitedly at this crucial moment, and call your name lustily at least a dozen times before he finds you. When he has delivered you a note (here is a chance to use your monocle), just look unconcerned, and in a moderately loud voice (this will depend on the degree of noise to be overcome) say that "you will see the president *some other time*." This should have an immediate effect on those near enough to hear you.

Before you attack the repast laid before you, make sure that all of the implements provided are within reach (this will save time), and then use your common sense (if you have any) to help you pick



out the right ones. If your soup is hot and you wish to inhale it, pick out a large spoon that will hold enough for two inhales. In this way you can keep up with those who gargle it (a much faster method). When you spear an oyster, be sure to get it out of sight as soon as possible, because oysters are slippery customers.

Here is a chance to make merry. Accidently tip your neighbor's plate, and when the oysters

have all slithered away under the table, gaily remark that, "there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught." This will make you popular.

Now get right down to business, and show your competitors that you are hard to beat. It is possible that you may have a light feeling in your head about this time. If you see three plates where there should only be one, don't get excited. Calmly dig into the middle one for that will be *it*. This will indicate that you have a temperament.

When everything has been cleaned up, you may have a great desire to unbutton your vest. Don't do this as it is not done in the best society.

If your temperament induces you to suggest a toast now, remember that you are not at a suf-



frage meeting. This will make you feel much easier if you have a few choice words to say.

It is considered a good idea by some to remember the waiter before you leave. A large copper coin coated with mercury answers this purpose well. Do not linger long after this.

E. D. W.

### COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

The freshman is not fresh today;  
We know the reason why—  
He's plugging physics night and day  
Resolved to do or die.

The freshman is not fresh to see,  
His countenance is drawn;  
He's loading up with chemistry  
From eve to early dawn.

The supplementors do not sup  
With their accustomed glee,  
For now their system's filling up  
With physiology.

The seniors are not seen today,  
They have no time to bum;  
And all their actions seem to say—  
The Judgment Day has come.

The barriers that bar the way  
Seem lofty now and high,  
And Graduation's far away  
Exams. have drawn nigh.

T. H. W.



# EXCHANGE AND REVIEW



## THE BABY'S BALL

"A little boy of heavenly birth,  
But far from home today,  
Comes down to find his ball—  
The earth, which sin has cast away.  
O comrades, let us one and all  
Join in to get him back his ball."

*John B. Tabb.*



Somehow or other the girl you like never seems to  
be under the mistletoe.



## MIXED METAPHORS

Sir Boyle Roche, in a speech to the Irish Parliament, once gave a good example of mixed metaphors. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air; but mark me, Sir, I will nip him in the bud."—*Ex.*



## DE NOBIS

The year had gloomily begun	
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's	Sun.
He was beset by bill and dun	
And he had very little	Mon.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,	
"I've nothing here but ones and	Tues."
A bright thought struck him and he said,	
"The rich Miss Goldrich I will	Wed."
But when he paid his court to her	
She lisped, but firmly said, "No	Thur."
"Alas!" he said, "then I must die."	
His soul went where they say souls	Fri.
They found his gloves and coat and hat	
And the coroner then upon them	Sat.

—*University Journal.*



Sadie—Do you know, when we were in Egypt we  
visited the Pyramids, and they were literally covered  
with hieroglyphics.

Binks—By jove, how awful! And don't the little  
beggars bite?—*Ex.*



## POOR WOODPECKER!

A Woodpecker sat on a Freshie's head,  
And started in to drill;  
He bored away for half a day,  
And finally broke his bill.

—*M.A.C. Gazette.*



Toward him who revives and circulates a chest-  
nut, the sufferers have the sentiments of the famous  
writer, Bill Nye, who, in speaking of an enemy,  
expressed the desire "to paper the walls with his

frail body, and with his soul to asphyxiate the  
cat."—*U. of T. Monthly.*



## A LATIN ROMANCE

Boyibus kissibus sweetum gírlorum,  
Gírlibus líkibus wantum summorum,  
Pater puellibus enter parlorum,  
Kickibus boyibus exibus dorum.  
Nightibus darkibushomum limporum,  
Climibus fencibus, breechibus torum.

—*Ex.*



## ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR SAYINGS

"He's a brick" is an everyday expression, but it  
is not generally known that it was coined by Ly-  
curgus, the great Spartan law giver, 2,800 years ago.  
When Lycurgus was asked if it would not be ad-  
visable to build a brick wall around Sparta, he re-  
plied that the city already had a wall of men and  
every man was a brick.—*Phil. Record.*



## INOCULATION

Inoculate for smallpox,  
Inoculate for tetanus,  
For fevers, chills and other ills  
That daily seem to threaten us!  
Inoculate with owl lymph  
To stimulate the brain;  
Inoculate with goat-juice  
To make us young again!  
Inoculate for bunions,  
Inoculate for mumps;  
Inoculate for bald heads,  
And eke for nervous slumps;  
Inoculate for typhoids,  
Inoculate for spavin—  
It's just as good as any way—  
To waft our souls to Heaven.  
But some fine day the laity  
Will move in self-defense  
To inoculate the doctors  
With a little Commonsense.

—*Ex.*



Editing a paper is a great thing. If we publish  
jokes, people say we are rattle-headed; if we don't  
we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they  
say we don't give them enough selections; if we give  
them selections, they say we are too lazy to write.  
If we don't go to church, we are heathens; if we do,  
we are hypocrites. If we wear old clothes, they  
laugh at us; if we wear good clothes, we have a pull.  
Now what are we to do? Just as likely as not some  
will say we stole this from an exchange—so we did.  
—*Ex.*



## THE CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY

It was December 22nd, in the year—, but why should I give my age away? I was sitting in my lodgings, looking out of the window and wondering how I could face Christmas under such conditions. Alone, in a back street in the south of London, I was eking out an existence by writing articles for papers. My thoughts flew back to my childhood days, and I remembered the country lanes and the clear white snow and the brisk frosty air. What a contrast now! The day was one of those murky days so common in London. The children were splashing in the mud outside. Now and then a stray pedestrian wended his way through our almost deserted neighborhood. Suddenly the door opened and my landlady came in.

"Here's a letter, sir," she said; "perhaps after all Christmas won't be too bad for you." I eagerly seized the letter and turned it over. On the back was a crest. I looked close. "Why, of course," I said, "it's from dear old Jack." My supposition was right. Jack Dudley with whom I had been at college was now heir-at-law to his uncle, the Marquis of ——. He wanted me to spend the festive season with him at the family seat in Northshire. I was to catch the afternoon train on Christmas eve, and we were to renew our old acquaintance. What memories I conjured up as I sat in the corner of my compartment; and how I looked forward to a real good time!

The weather had brightened up, and there was quite a frosty nip in the air as I stepped out of the train at the little country station. I could hear the snorting of a car, and in a few moments was comfortably ensconced in the corner of a 40 horsepower Daimler, being whirled along the country lanes. It was not long before we flew through the gate of the park, and in a few moments we stopped and a shaft of light from the open door of the hall revealed Jack standing there to welcome me. Dinner was served soon after I arrived and had been introduced to the other members of our houseparty. After dinner we played all kinds of old world Christmas games. The villagers came outside and sang the old Christmas carols, and we brought them all in and fed them on home brewed beer and cakes. Christmas day was all we could wish. The whole party went across the park to the village church for morning service, and the rest of the day was spent in revels of an exceedingly amusing though harmless kind.

Long after the rest of the party had gone to bed, Jack and I sat in the smoking-room and chatted of old times. It must have been 1.30 or thereabouts when I found my way to my room. It was at the extreme west end of the house, and was hung with tapestry. The old four-poster bed, with its heavy hangings, lent an eerie air to it all which was, however, in some measure dispelled by the bright fire burning on the hearth.

I soon climbed into bed, and had been lying awake sometime, thinking of the shooting party of the morrow—when suddenly my attention was arrested by the form of an old woman, dressed in the costume of 100 years before, sitting in the chair by the fire. Was I dreaming? I sat up and looked again. No! my eyes did not deceive me. I rose to get out of bed; my nocturnal visitor disappeared. I'm not a nervous man, but this set me thinking,

and I resolved to make careful enquiries. Soon afterwards I fell asleep, and knew no more till I was awakened by Jack's valet, who brought my shaving water and some tea. I told him what I had seen, and he turned as white as death and begged me not to say a word to a soul. "You have seen the family ghost," he said, "and that never appears except when the head of the house is to die." Imagine my feelings as I sat down to breakfast—my generous host at the head of the table, looking much as usual, Jack and the rest of the party in fine spirits at the prospect of a day's shooting.

Soon after breakfast we started, most of us walking, but the Marquis riding on a short, heavily built shooting pony. The first drive yielded good results, but just as we reached the second drive the Marquis was seen to reel in his saddle, and fall into the arms of a gamekeeper—dead. The party returned to the house and quietly broke up, and we all returned to our homes.

Jack succeeded to the title and estates, but though I have spent many pleasant days with him since that eventful Christmas, I have never had the courage to tell him of my strange nocturnal visitor.

R. G. HAMILTON.

### ODE TO A YOUNG MOUSTACHE

O blithe newcomer to my lip,  
O dusky promise of the coming days,  
O happy harbinger of hair,  
To thee my simple song I raise!

Thrice welcome darling of my heart,  
As yet unto the unthinking crowd unseen,  
But ah! I see thee and rejoice,  
Upon the lip once shaven clean.

To make thee grow I often tried,  
And coaxed thy sprouting with a thousand wiles,  
Till now thou wert a hope deferred,  
At last success upon thee smiles.

My proud breast swells with manly joy  
As down the staring street I often pass;  
My heart leaps up when I behold  
Thy dark reflection in the glass!  
A secret hope I have that when  
A president's moustache I've proudly reared,  
To greater efforts spurred, I'll grow  
A chancellor's patriarchal beard!

*Alfred Wordsworth Keats.*

### WAR NEWS

Being in occupation of Pilsener, the Germans are now advancing on Delicatessen, which they expect to take with the aid of Limburger Cheese and Sauerkraut. In a scrap between the Belgian Hares and the Welsh Rarebits, Budweiser was taken with smiles and the Swiss Cheese walked off when being attacked. Of course the Irish Stew got mighty hot, so that the English Mustard had to be warmed up with Cayenne. But when the Russian Caviar sees French Pastry there will be a rush on Schlitz! Spanish Onions, though strong, are being spread over Weiners and taken with Russian Vodka.



## SOCIAL NOTES

The University Women's Club entertained the University girls of the third and fourth years, from four until six, Tuesday, December 1st, at the home of Mrs. J. Haig, Chestnut Street. Miss May Murdock, of the Public Library staff, spoke to the girls on "The Work of a Librarian." This talk proved very instructive indeed, especially to those girls who are expecting to take up Library work after their graduation.

Saturday, December 5th, the '17 girls were entertained by the wives of the Faculty, at the home of Prof. Osborne, on Wardlow Ave. The girls spent an enjoyable afternoon, and all voted their Professors' wives to be the most pleasant of entertainers.

Another pleasant afternoon and tea were enjoyed by the girls of Harnach's "What is Christianity?" class. This tea was given by Mrs. Billings, at her home in Patricia Court, Wednesday, December 2nd, in honor of Mrs. R. F. MacWilliams, president of the University Women's Club. Mrs. MacWilliams will conduct this class after Christmas, and the girls were given a fine opportunity of meeting and getting acquainted with their new leader.

## Y.W.C.A.

Of late, owing to approaching examinations, interest in our organizations has somewhat abated, and in Y.W. no less than in other circles. Our last meeting for the year was held on the twenty-sixth of November, in the University girls' room, Y.W.C.A. Our leaders were extremely fortunate in obtaining for this last meeting Prof. Argue to speak. His subject was "The Student and Church," and Mr. Argue showed us in a very earnest manner, what our relation ought to be towards that institution, and he defined certain duties which were placed upon us in that connection.

Miss Eleanor Mitchell has organized an "Eight Weeks' Club," which will meet regularly after Christmas. The purpose of this club will be philanthropic, and especially social service work will be planned for the coming summer months. Miss Mitchell's ability as a class leader is already known, and those girls who take these classes will receive much help and many new ideas with regard to this work.

The Mission Study Classes have all been organized and will meet after Christmas instead of the Bible Study Classes. With a few exceptions, the same leaders, who have been conducting the Bible Study Classes, will conduct the Mission Classes.

## CHRISTMAS

Christmas! we'll welcome thee with outstretched hand,  
With joyous looks and words of welcome sweet,  
But still the thoughts of what we soon must meet  
Stir up vain fears, forebodings grim command.  
We'll revel in thy sway o'er all the land,  
Attendant sports and pleasures gaily greet,  
But still the grim old shadow in its seat  
Sheds awful influence so gloomy, grand  
Like deadly rocks beyond which the haven lies,  
Examinations loom near and still near,  
The ship must pass, whether she lives or dies  
Depends upon the helmsman's power to steer.  
Either she'll strike and sink—no more to rise  
Or else go into port, devoid of fear.

Isabel Turnbull, '18.



### THE MODERN CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas spirit and brotherly love—synonymous terms. In our conception of the spirit pervading Christmas are shown the qualities that instituted the Emmanuel movement and the ideals of the Brotherhood of Man Society—the love of man for man, man's reverence for God and God's love for man. It is our adoration of our elder brother that, as we cannot express it directly to him by tangible means, impels us to offer our gifts and philanthropy to our friends and dependents in his name.

Some people claim that the whole, old-fashioned aromatic spirit is evaporating from the modern Yule-tide, and that we are becoming mechanical in our giving. Perhaps those people have been instrumental in forming the Societies for the Prevention of Useless Giving, which have sprung up of late years. But if they would only revert to the past Christmases or this one that is now with us, they would see that the same happy, care-free spirit is in this Christmas of 1914 that is the joy of so many writers to depict. In spite of the war, in this Western hemisphere, at least, there will be many travellers journeying homeward with visions of father and mother waiting to welcome them, after longer or shorter periods of absence. One can almost sense the warm, spice-laden air, can, with very little stretch of imagination, picture the lordly turkey, bursting his already brown sides in an effort to get them still more well-done. There will be the lofty pine-trees, with the symbolic star of Bethlehem trembling on the topmost branch, which will look down with delight on the bright eyes and eager faces reflected in the glow of their lit candles. No, indeed, we haven't lost our capacity for the real Christmas spirit.

War! What fearful scenes of carnage are brought before our eyes with that one small word of only three letters! Historians have filled whole histories about war, economists have written treatises, poets volumes; and nations have groaned under war and its results. This present war has aroused at once our sympathy and our indignation—contempt for the crazed despot who has plunged the world from a condition of progress and peace into a state of chaos. Our tenderest feelings have been appealed to by the pathetic entreaties of ruined countries. This Christmas we are coming nearer to the pith of "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"; for some of us are doing with a less elaborate holiday season, and are devoting its equivalent value to the relief of the Belgians. The Brotherhood of Man! what more is the Christmas than love of our fellowman and good will to all men?

This war has had one beneficial result, already—the hearts of people have been touched by the sufferings of Europe, and this feeling has reacted with great compelling power upon the sympathies of men and women. It has called forth generosity, unbounded, to the deserving poor of our great industrial centres. This spirit has not only brought relief and comfort, even happiness, to many bereaved refugees, but the joy of giving has led the people of our land up to a higher plane of thought and impulse. Their hearts, too, have been filled with an all-pervading sense of responsibility and love toward our hitherto unknown and certainly less-fortunate sisters and brothers.

The Christmas spirit can never die so long as love remains the key-stone of all our lives and actions. So, in this twentieth century, when it has been thought that commercialism and the lust for gain ruled the masses, it has been found that, subtly and with resistless power, the love of man for man, as taught by our Master, has been growing until it culminated in the outburst of patriotic devotion and splendid charity shown in this period of stress.

EDITH G. HENRY, '16.

### A SUFFRAGETTE

For years she had been working for the Cause. She had written pamphlets; she had lectured; she had organized; she had led processions through the streets of London; she had broken windows; she had interviewed and insulted great men, and she had "suffered" by going to Holloway Gaol and declaring a hunger strike there.

Then had come the outbreak of war. She laid aside her bombs and hammer for patriotic reasons, but she did not forsake the Cause. She still wrote and lectured as vigorously as ever, now urging her down-trodden sex to rise and put an end to the war, now organizing a Suffragette Corps, which should prove women's fitness for the vote by their skill in slaughtering their country's foes. Other women were volunteering as nurses or were looking after soldiers' wives and families left behind. Such work did not appeal to her; she would go to the root of the matter by still fighting for the vote, the weapon which in women's hands would abolish war forever.

It was now two months since the outbreak of war, and she was walking home, after delivering a successful lecture on Women's Rights. She was alone, for she always scorned the protection of male escorts, but London streets were quite safe in spite of having their lights lowered for fear of Zeppelins. Suddenly, she heard a faint sobbing coming from a dark corner. She looked around in curiosity, and found a little girl, about three years old, crying in terror and evidently lost. The suffragette was about to call a policeman to take charge of the child when she noticed the little one's hands, and received a shock, for they were both bandaged. Though she had not seen a sight like this before, she had heard much of such things, and knew at once that this was a baby Belgian, whose hands had been cut off by the German barbarians. A flood of pity filled her heart. She soothed the child and carried her down the street until she found a policeman, whom she asked where the child could have wandered from.

"Not far, Miss," he answered, "a lot of them came in tonight too late for us to find shelter for them, and they have settled down in the depot. Poor little kiddy! Give her to me and I'll carry her round there at once."

But the little girl clung to the suffragette, and she herself was loath to give up the unusual pressure of childish arms about her neck, though she was surprised at and almost ashamed of the feeling. As it was only a short distance, she decided to go herself with the policeman and restore the child to its mother.

A picture of desolation and despair met them at the depot, a whole section of which was filled with the refugees. Most of these were women and children, with a sprinkling of men who seemed more helpless than their wives. Many clung to bundles

which contained all their worldly goods; many had not even these. Here, the glaring electric lights made the scene appear more terrible; there, the arches threw a sympathetic gloom over the crouching figures. It was difficult in such a crowd to find the mother of the lost child, but, when found, her grateful joy left no room for doubt, though she knew no English to express it in.

"Poor things," remarked the policeman as at last they turned away, "they are just distracted in this strange land, with their homes lost forever. They'll have a terrible time sorting them out tomorrow and finding what to do with them. They need a few sensible women there, for the officials don't seem able to understand them at all."

This remark struck the suffragette, the more especially as she happened to understand the Belgian language, having even visited Belgium to convert its people to the Cause. She had been deeply moved by the sight of the maimed baby and by the despair of the refugees. Next morning she returned early to the depot and found that she could indeed be of great use there, comforting the women and interpreting for them.

Many other train-loads of Belgians have since arrived in London. The suffragette is still working among them, and has persuaded many of her friends to do the same. She has even neglected the Cause for them. Not that she has forsaken or despaired of the Cause. It must triumph, she asserts, as all just causes do, but meanwhile she can wait patiently. She has found her work.



### ANTICIPATIONS

Christmas time once more draws nigh  
Soon now our work will cease,  
And for about a week or two  
We'll have a little peace.

We'll take the first train homeward bound  
To see our folk and friends:  
To stay with them and have some fun  
Till our vacation ends.

We'll have no books to bother with;  
Go in for all the fun  
With the friends we left behind us  
When our college course "begun."

And those who have no where to go,  
If home is far away,  
We hope will surely find some friend  
With whom to spend the day.

When January comes around  
And our holidays are o'er,  
We'll leave our loved ones far behind  
And study hard once more.

So one and all, both great and small,  
Who comes to college here,  
May a Merry Christmas time be yours  
And a prosperous New Year.

P. G. BLAKEMAN, *Pharmacy.*



### SENIOR FOOTBALL

#### FINAL STANDING

	W.	T.	L.	Pts.
Agriculture.....	8	1	1	17
Medicals.....	7	1	2	15
'Varsity.....	5	3	2	13
St. John's.....	2	3	5	7
Law.....	2	2	6	6
Wesley.....	0	2	8	2

Congratulations, Agriculture! To win the football championship in only their third year in senior company is not bad, and this record ought to stand for some time. The race this year was a close one between the first three teams, and it was not until the final game that Agriculture ousted out Medicals from first position.

### SCHOOLS WIN CHAMPIONSHIP

Again the schools have emerged triumphant from the Junior series. On Tuesday, Medicals and Engineers met on 'Toba grounds to play off a protested tie game, and the Medicals, by defeating the Engineer runners up, gave the honors to the Schools.

The Schools team are a fast aggregation, and their record, marred by only one loss, is one for the boys to be proud of. In almost every case their opponents have been much heavier men, but the superior speed of the Schools has won for them their second successive championship.

### 1915 FOOTBALL

In past years college football has been quite a joke among city-footballers; in fact, the rules were such that few fouls were called except for deliberate handling of the ball or exceptionally noticeable trips. This year, the Intercollegiate Football Association took a forward step when they adopted the playing rules of the Manitoba Football Association, and as a consequence football was much cleaner.

The college referees have done good work; they have come out in rain and in snow, in sloppy weather and in frosty weather, only to tire themselves out, and not even to receive many thanks for that. On the contrary, they are forced to take a great deal in the way of jeering and "ragging," which would be more suitable to jay-town rooters in the backwoods than to College Students.

The only way to play clean football free from "grousing" from both players and rooters is to secure competent, outside referees, who will be paid for their loss of time. The cost of this would be trifling and the outlay would be more than repaid by the better football and better sportsmanship of the players.

G. C.



## THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE MINISTER

On Wednesday, December 2nd, Rev. Chas. Gordon Paterson, associate pastor at St. Stephen's Church, addressed the regular meeting of the Manitoba College Theological Club. He spoke of the Holy Spirit and its relation to the Christian minister. In the first place, he said, there was but one God, and this fact God had revealed in the history of Israel. We know further that this one God makes himself known in three different ways:

1. As the self-sufficing one, who is the creator of all things in earth and heaven, and who is known to men as father.

2. As the self-revealing one, who has manifested himself in creation, but whose supreme manifestation is in Jesus Christ.

3. As the self-imparting one.

We were, said the lecturer, Trinitarians and not Tritheists, and added that, however we looked at the doctrine of the Trinity, we should always be confronted with an element of mystery. He went on to explain how the idea of the three personalities had grown up. *Persona*, the word which gives us "person," meant in the original a mask, such as that used by actors to change from one character to another. Here in the Trinity we have God revealing himself in three characters.

Coming to the special treatment of the Holy Spirit, Dr. Paterson said that God in this "*Persona*" was the Indwelling One—"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." He was the Enlightening One—"He shall guide you into all truth," i.e., he will teach his servant what he is to say and how he is to act. The minister should specially remember the work of the Spirit preparatory to making pastoral calls. This was a most important part of his work and apt to become commonplace. He needed guidance and must ask the Holy Spirit for it. Again the Holy Spirit is the "Empowering One." Four-fifths of the references to the Holy Spirit are contained in the book of Acts, and for this reason it might almost be called the book of the Acts of the Holy Spirit.

The Christian minister's task is made difficult because he has to deal with freewill agents. To accomplish his work successfully, he must absolutely surrender himself. He is much handicapped unless the power be the power of God in using his abilities. He must get victories over temptation and must remain ever conscious that he is humbled before his maker.

## "THE NEXT RELIGION"

"The Next Religion" was the title of a most interesting lecture, based on Israel Zangwill's play, delivered at the Wesley College Probationers' Society on Friday afternoon, Dec. 4th, by Rev. Dr. Horace Westwood. Dr. Westwood gave a rapid resume of the play, with many significant quotations, and discussed the ideas of the play regarding immortality and the need for a new religion.

Dr. Westwood agreed with the statements made that the churches were not doing all their duty to the world, though he felt sure that tendency of today's criticism might be overdone. He did not hold with the originator of "the new religion" in his depreciation of immortality. The lecturer said that he thought there was no place for a new religion,

but that the future would see a closer drawing together of the great religions of the world.

H. D. Ranns presided at the gathering, which was the last meeting of the society for the term. W. T. Cleave, B.A., and H. J. Record, president of the society, voiced the thanks of the society to Dr. Westwood for his thought-provoking lecture.

## ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHURCH SOCIETY

During the past week we have had three very interesting addresses, all on the same subject—Foreign Missions. On Friday, we welcomed Rev. G. H. Broughall; on Monday, Mr. J. S. Woodsworth; and on Tuesday, Mr. David M. Rose, secretary of Laymen's Missionary Society. In all cases the question of Our Duty to our Fellow Citizens of Foreign Nationality was the subject. The general impression left on our minds was that the whole question of the future welfare of the Dominion was depending on what steps were taken immediately in this question. If Canada is to maintain her position as a progressive Christian nation, all questions of party differences must be minimised, if not sunk altogether. That corporate life may be developed and our own prejudices, either of religion or politics be toned down, was clearly pointed out as the duty of each one who has the welfare of the Dominion at heart.

H. P. B.

## EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

By Prof. W. H. Carruth, of Kansas State University.

A fire mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jelly fish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cavemen dwell,  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the clod—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high,  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden rod—  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in;  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And millions, who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway trod—  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.

—Exchange.

## THE FEAR OF DEATH

A bar of music, plaintive as the call of the sea mew, and throbbing with the grief of parted comrades, sounded low, clear and with startling distinctness in the dimly lit apartment.

Olaf Oiseth lifted his head and listened attentively. His huge frame completely filled the large arm chair in which he sat, and his massive head crowned with fair curls and set upon a pair of Herculean shoulders, was one which called strongly to mind pictures of mighty men of the Norse sagas. Hung on the walls and strewn on the floor around him were trophies of many a close fight and dangerous encounter. A tiger skin lay before the hearth, above it was the head of an immense bull moose; farther in the dusk gleamed the tusks of an elephant and the ugly horn of a rhinoceros. These bore mute testimony to the prowess of the solitary occupant of the room. Plainly he was a man insusceptible to fear.

Yet at the sound of those mysterious notes he seemed agitated. Only that morning he had met in a neighbouring street a swarthy Hindu, clad in Western garments, yet wearing the yellow turban of his high caste. A question to the gardener, an intelligent man, had elicited the information that this was a doctor of Sanskrit learning, who was lecturing to the local theosophical society. Had his coming any significance? Was he in any way connected with that weird music? Questioning thus, Oiseth's mind went back to the events of that fateful night in Calcutta.

He was then first mate of the "John Olafson," an Indian merchantman plying between Calcutta and Copenhagen. His vessel had put in at the former port and was to sail the next morning. His shore leave was over, and he was walking briskly along the wharves, when he was confronted by a man clad in the rags of a mendicant. Having no mind to talk to him, he was pushing quickly past, when the man, stopping him, asked for alms.

On the left towered a great pile of merchandise, on the right was the bay. He could just discern the outlines of his own and other vessels shown up against the dark sky and sea by the feeble moonlight. Nearby, the water, dark and viscous as a great sea of oil, reflected the lights of small boats plying to and fro, and the straggling beams from the distant city streets. He remembered the scene vividly. Even now, in the quiet of this distant house he fancied he could hear the splash of the oily ripples against the wharf. There, in the middle of the narrow passage, had stood the Hindu.

"Get out of the way, beggar," he had said angrily; but the man would not move. Then the burly mate, as he was then, drew back and striking straight from the shoulder, sent his fist crashing against the body of the other. The weight of that fist and the force behind it had been remembered with bitterness by much stronger men than this emaciated beggar. He was knocked off his feet and into the water by the impact of the blow. He, Oiseth, had hardly remained to see the agonized features appear on the green surface of the greasy bay water, but hurried on with a careless, "Poor devil!" He had no fear of a mob, yet he was in no mood to lose his berth by missing the steamer.

His progress had been again interrupted; this time by a man who was obviously no beggar. He

was of medium height and rather stocky. His face commanded respect. The brow, nose and chin spoke determination, strength of character and control; and his black eyes glowed with a quiet intensity. In a musical and well modulated voice, and with an air of simple yet regal dignity, he had addressed him.

"I am Yogi Mingh. You have slain one of my brethren and your life is forfeited. It is not granted you to know the manner of your passing, yet a sign will be given you. A strong man and the son of a courageous race, you have no fear of sudden or violent death. Therefore prove, Norseman, whether fear of death hold any fear for you."

Whereupon Yogi Mingh's face appeared to take on an expression of such majestic power that even he, the son of the Vikings, could say no word. Then, for the first time, and in the presence of this most singular man, he had heard the bar of music, plaintive as the call of the sea mew, and throbbing with the grief of parted comrades. As the last note died away, the Hindu disappeared around the corner of a pile of bales.

The thing had haunted him ever since. He had tried to forget the incident and, failing this, to regard the sign as either a remarkable coincidence or an hallucination, but to no avail. That had been his last voyage with the "John Olafson." A wealthy uncle, a shipowner, had died in Copenhagen, leaving him the bulk of a large estate. This allowed him to travel widely, and of this privilege and that of hunting, he had made the most possible. Hardly any place of interest in the world had not been visited by him, and certainly no hunting ground of big and dangerous game had not heard his rifles speak, or witnessed in silent admiration the reckless abandon of his courage. Yet always, after some marvellous feat or display of heroism, he had heard that mysterious astral music.

Once in a Swiss chalet, after a daring adventure on the treacherous slope of an almost impassable glacier, wherein he had displayed in a remarkable manner his intrepid spirit, the ethereal music had sounded, and he had felt distinctly the silent personality of Yogi Mingh. He had left on the next morning.

Thus it had followed him, whether in the tropics or within the Arctic circle, in the Orient or in America, on land or sea, and it had always sounded after he had, by some almost superhuman feat, proved his utter disregard for death. It was as if some ever mindful, imperturbable spirit of Hindu mysticism were awaiting in lofty equanimity, born of a long fore-knowledge, an event which was a mere detail in its comprehensive knowledge of human destiny.

The thing preyed on his mind, that he, a hunter of renown and a sailor, the mention of whose name caused people to shudder at his daring, he the son of Norsemen whose intrepidity he displayed in so striking a manner, that he should fear death! It was impossible, ludicrous! So he tried to dismiss the suggestion. Yet that indefinable feeling, which at each succeeding sound of the astral reminder seemed to be resolving itself into some nameless fear, was strong upon him this evening. His strong, prehensile fingers began to tap! tap! on the arm of



his chair. "Prove then, Norseman, whether fear of death hold any fear for you," came back those words of Yogi Mingh. Ah! that was it: the fear of death! He rose and paced the floor restlessly. Yes, he did fear the fear of death. For the past ten years he had thrown all the powers of his being into those daring exploits for which he had become justly famous. And now, he smiled grimly at the irony of it all, now he saw what it had meant. Each new endeavor, inspired by a repetition of the sign, had been greater than all previous ones. Why? In order to prove that death had no fear for him? No! They had been undertaken in order to lay that formless spectre of a hitherto unknown fear. They had not succeeded. It had but been developed.

Then he stopped to listen. Surely it could not be—not twice on the same occasion! But the sound grew in volume and he heard again that evening the fateful bar of music, plaintive as the call of the sea mew and throbbing with the grief of parted comrades. Going to the window he looked out over the garden. What he saw on one of the terraces caused him to start violently. For, in a wide beam of light shining through an unshuttered window, appeared the ascetic features of Gogi Mingh, gazing at the heavens in lofty meditation.

It was the old challenge. He had always met it and this time he would do so again. He would show them. By the Gods who love brave men, he would show them! As he stormed up and down the room his glance fell on the open drawer of a table. Within lay a large revolver. There was the way, the supreme acceptance!

At the sound of the shot the usual crowd of panic-stricken servants gathered round the door of the apartment. When they had crowded in and were gazing in astonishment at the body, a swarthy Hindu, clad in Western garments yet wearing the yellow turban of his high caste, was seen to pick up a piece of blue writing paper. He gazed at it very thoughtfully for a moment and then replaced it on the table. As they drew away before the inscrutable mystery of his flashing black eyes, and the power of his strange personality, the mystified servants remarked to each other that only he held the key to the mystery. On the paper were written four words: "The Fear of Death."

White, '18.

### BOOZE FIGHTING

For the married man who cannot get along without drinks, the following is suggested as a means of freedom from bondage to the saloons.

Start a saloon in your own house. Be the only customer (you'll have no license to pay). Go to your wife and give her two dollars to buy a gallon of whisky, and remember there are sixty-nine drinks in a gallon. Buy your drinks from no one but your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have eight dollars to put into the bank and two dollars to start business again. Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money enough to bury you decently; educate your children; buy a house and lot; marry a decent man; and quit thinking about you entirely.

B. H. O. HARRY, *Med.*

### REVISED RULES FOR EXAMINATIONS

1. Each student shall receive four (4) dollars from the University for trying his examinations.

2. If the candidate cannot answer the questions, he is requested to ask his neighbor for information. If his enquiries do not prove satisfactory he shall make a statement to that effect and receive full marks.

3. The candidate is requested not to leave his note-books lying carelessly about the corridors. They should be brought into the examination hall and kept near the owner. Remember Shakespeare's celebrated lines in *Paradise Lost*:—

"Always keep upon your knee  
During exams., a Kelly's Key."

4. If candidate is bothered by old and decrepit examiners playing in the aisles during examination, he shall report same to the Board of Studies.

**Note.**—The University would like to furnish at every examination an examiner, whose official duty it is to gaze over the candidate's shoulder and read his answers. A special effort will be made to do so this year as it is a great help to the students.

B. B. '16.

### A SOFT ANSWER

While walking through the College hall  
With slow and measured tread,  
The poet felt upon him fall  
A hand; a voice then said:  
"Oh, smite me that dog, Crawford,  
With Rhetoric's fiery dart!  
With barbed shaft of poetic word  
Pierce thou his evil heart!"

The poet smiled and shook his head;  
"What hath he done?" quoth he.  
"A wicked slander hath he said  
Against thy servant, me  
And 'gainst the Council's mighty name,  
Which quick avenged must be!"  
It was McPherson thus who came  
With murder in his e'e.

"'Tis very clear," the poet said,  
This Soph's a wicked wight,  
But Sophs less brains have, than a 'Med,'  
Can such know wrong from right?  
Forgive this rhymster vile, my friend,  
Thy righteous wrath abate.  
Thou surely know'st the wicked's end?  
Then, leave him to his fate."

"The gentle Muse's hand is soft,  
The poet's brow to smooth,  
Thou ask'st that it be raised aloft  
To 'venge thy name for sooth!  
Away! Away! Thou impious man  
Who savor'st of this earth,  
Lest outraged, she beneath her ban  
Cause thee to rue thy birth!"

Dec. 10, 1914.

K. D. B.,

That Ohio man who laughed himself to death the other day over a funny story must take some paper that we don't get.—*Boston Transcript.*



# Around the Campus

## COMING EVENTS

- Dec. 18—Medical Banquet.  
 Dec. 25—A Bright, Joyous Christmas, and  
 Jan. 1—A Successful New Year.  
 It is expected that the results of the Christmas Examinations will reach the students on or before this date.  
 Jan. 2—Applications for the Rhodes' Scholarship must be in the hands of the Registrar not later than Saturday, Jan. 2.  
 Jan. 5—Opening date for the Second Term.  
 Jan. 7—The next issue of the MANITOBA comes out.  
 Note to Contributors—(1) All cartoons must be done in India Ink.  
 (2) Kindly write on one side of the paper only.  
 (3) If that article of yours is not in this issue, despond not. It may be in the next.  
 (4) Notices must be in the hands of the Editor by the Saturday preceding publication.



### 'Varsity Notes

Et tu, Brute! Dr. Wallace. "Those of us who have been at Stony Mountain."

Dr. B-l-l-r—The smilax has no leaves, or more tersely, the myrsiphyllum asparagoides possesses morphological structures termed cladodes.

### SAVE THIS!

For the coming term it has been sought to provide something every Friday evening for the students of 'Varsity college. The program outlined is as follows:

- Fri., Jan. 8—Toboggan Party.  
 " " 15—Varsity Dance.  
 " " 22—Debate, 'Varsity vs. Law.  
 " " 29—Third year "Lit."  
 Thur. Feb. 4—Univ. Dramatic Society present Bjornson's "The Bankrupt," at Walker Theatre.  
 " " 12—Second year "Lit."  
 Wed. " 17—Varsity Dinner.  
 Fri. " 19—International Debate.  
 " " 26—First year "Lit."  
 " Mar. 5—Oratorical Contest.  
 " " 12—Closing intercollegiate debate.  
 " " 17—Debate, 'Varsity vs. Brandon.  
 " " 26—Union "Lit."

Sometime in January a reception will be given for students who are enlisted with the troops now in Winnipeg. One night, other than Friday, will be arranged for 'Varsity skating night at one of the large rinks. For the Oratorical Contest, gold and silver medals are being provided.

It is sincerely hoped that every 'Varsity student will attend all these functions and assist in making 'Varsity college life on a par with that in other Universities.

S. HELMAN,

Pres. Social and Literary Society

### THE SECOND YEAR IN TROUBLE

Lost—A Memory. Finder please return to R. O. Jolliffe and receive reward.

An extremely sad incident occurred on Thursday, Dec. 2, when Professor Jolliffe suffered from a temporary loss of memory, and allowed his second year Latin class to patiently await his appearance for more than an hour. It seems the Professor went home at 11 o'clock instead of 12, and did not discover his mistake until he began to reproach his wife for not having lunch ready. Rumor has it the attack was brought on either by the discovery of a

grammarian who asserted that the subjunctive in Latin sometimes expressed doubt, or by the fact that Dr. Giles has issued a translation for the first year Cicero selections. Possibly, however, it was because he found one of the "dearly beloved" brethren of second year, who used a "Kelley's Key."

### MANITOBA COLLEGE NOTES

J-m-s S-v-g-e (reading notice calling for payment of board)—This is the worst year I've seen around here. Once you could steal or borrow, but now you have to pay your board.

Once a bum's room was bugged when bumming.  
 Gosh! I Wood I knew he was Cumming  
 Was it Tucker, the sucker, or Mac, by hack?  
 No, it's none of the Second or Fourth Year pack.

—JEFF

### JOKELETS AMONG THE 18'S

Mr. Gane—"There were a great many little pigs when I was an infant."

White, '18 (translating)—"Mallo magia audire"—"Oh, dreary mellow Maggie."

Mr. Gane has excused the freshettes from pronouncing "occission jubet." We can understand it.

### NOTES FROM LAW STUDENTS

The annual banquet at the Royal Alexandra Hotel was held on Nov. 28th, and proved a splendid success. Mr. G. C. Macdonald was the toastmaster. The toast to the King was followed by an address by Judge Robson, which was well received. The toast to the Bench, Bar and Profession was replied to by Mr. C. P. Wilson, K.C., and that to the graduates by Mr. S. Goldstine. President MacLean of the University then gave a short address. A very interesting feature was the toast to the Volunteers, proposed by Lendrum McMeans, K.C., and replied to by Captain Quirke of Moose Jaw, who is in command of the company from that city. The National Anthem brought the enjoyable evening to a close.

### ENGINEERING NOTES

In last issue the Editor spoke of "The Engineers' Silent Harp." We disclaim all knowledge of such an instrument of torture. There is not much chance of

any of us attaining either harp or wings in the future.

Mr. Bankson was at home to the third year at the high power plant the other Saturday. "An enjoyable time was had." Bill C. gave an exhibition wrestling match with a pilot tube and drew first blood. Loud applause from the gallery.

### ST. JOHN'S NOTES

Our closing festivity of the term was a meeting of the Literary Society. The programme took the form of five-minute impromptu speeches.

Mr. S. J. Wickens made the most of what appeared to many a frivolous subject—"It is better to have loved and lost, etc.," and gave a number of instances presumably from experience. Among other subjects were "How to Run a Literary Society," "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine," and the funniest experience you have ever had, the "piece de resistance" of the evening, was when the president Mr. G. W. Dawson, rose to his feet and charmed his audience with that well-known and oft repeated classic: "Will you lend me the loan of your grid-iron."

From an abundance of debating talent, the committee selected the following to represent St. John's in the Intercollegiate debates:—with Law, Messrs. Bell and Tompkins, and with 'Varsity, Messrs. Hall and Wallace.

Aspirants for positions on the hockey teams have already had a number of strenuous practices at the Auditorium. Although we have lost Messrs. Anderson, Monroe and Robinson from our last year's champions, we expect to be able with the assistance of a number of promising recruits, to place a strong team on the ice.

### WESLEY NOTES

The Social Committee announce a skating party immediately after Christmas vacation.

Finding that a large number of students and two professors from the University of Saskatchewan were here training with Canada's Second Contingent, the students of Wesley College gave a reception in their honor on Dec. 4th.

The visitors were welcomed by President E. C. Evans and A. W. Keeton. Dr. N. R. Wilson, who occupied the chair, complimented the University of Saskatchewan on the large



number of men representing it in the First and Second Contingents, and assured the Saskatchewan soldiers that Manitoba men were preparing themselves so as to be ready to take the field, if needed, in the Spring.

Hamilton Barr, of Emmanuel College, spoke on behalf of the Saskatchewan men and referred to the seriousness of the great war as well as to the benefits which will arise out of the conflict.

A. G. Gruchy, of the Presbyterian College, a former editor of "The Sheaf," gave an amusing little speech, and W. Francis Garrod of Emmanuel delighted the audience with his clever rendering of a song and recitation.

A feature of the evening was a new war song, the words and music of which were composed by L. D. Heaton.

Among the members of the Second Contingent present were two sons of Principal Lloyd, of Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, and H. Berry, John B. Allen, Walter Burer, W. C. Pearson, W. Francis Garrod, all of Emmanuel College; A. G. Gruchy, Presbyterian College, Saskatoon; Geoffrey U. Day, Agricultural College, Saskatoon; W. Armour Miller, Edinburgh University; Hugh Alingham, Saskatchewan University, and J. E. Nelson, Wesley College, Winnipeg.

#### Y.M.C.A. NOTES

Mr. E. H. Clarke, formerly inter-collegiate secretary, Y.M.C.A., in Winnipeg, now national student secretary, was in Winnipeg from November 30th to December 4th. While here he met the executives of some of our associations and formulated plans which the students will develop for work after Christmas. Mr. Clarke will continue his trip to the colleges of the western provinces, and will visit us again on his journey east about January 18th.

Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, secretary of the Canadian Welfare League, delivered a very instructive and inspiring address to the students on Sunday, Dec. 6th, in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium, at 11 a.m. His remarks were along the line of "Opportunities for College Students as Leaders in Social Service Work Throughout Canada." What he said was made forceful by the fact that he used several charts containing figures of conditions which now exist. Mr. Woodsworth is doing much to impress our student body with the necessity of Christianizing the social order of our communities.

#### ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE NOTES

The "Circle La Verendré" has decided to hold no more meetings this term.

A reception of the Sodalists was held on Tuesday, 8th inst., his Lordship Bishop Beliveau officiating.

Eddie Rimmer and "Del a Gorge" were the star performers in the first real hockey game of the season.

The militia authorities here have decided to add to the local corps a signaling squad. It will however not come into force until the second term.

#### ATHLETIC BANQUET

Our Annual Athletic Banquet was held on Dec. 10th. Fully 75 students attended and enjoyed the sumptuous feast, over which Fr. Pednanet presided, on account of Fr. Rector's untimely illness. Local talent displayed great efficiency in handling the musical

program. Pres. Descosse briefly thanked the Faculty for honoring us with their presence and showed how meetings of this kind promoted closer bonds of friendship between student and professor. "Doc." Dorion congratulated the boys on their keen interest in sport, and paid a tribute of praise to our valiant recreation master, who befittingly responded. Fr. Bradley, the rugby coach, made a plea for rugby. The audience then enjoyed a witty address by Fr. Coughlin and the banquet was closed with "O Canada" and "God Save the King."



Teacher—Now Willie where is Germany?

ECHOS DU COLLEGE DE SAINT-BONIFACE  
*Albertus densilus grincat!!!*

Ce pauvre Albert se promet toujours d'un examen a l'autre de soutenir un travail d'Hercule. Mais hélas "l'esprit est prompt et la chair est faible," non qu'Albert soit le moindrement paresseux, mais il nous dit souvent, dans ce latin de philosophie qu'il adore, que l'approche des examens le fait grincer des dents.

Pauvre lui! Miserere ejus?

A qui la victoire. Dialogue entre-coupe et épatant!!

Belly.—Non, je ne suis point de ton avis. Les Allemands seront battus!

Tonny.—Vivement irrité. Je te prédis que l'Allemagne vaincra. Nos deux amis soutinrent un combat d'un quart-d'heure a coup "d'arguments!" Le tout finit par la traite au chocolat et au "pop." Lequel avait raison? Attendons trois ou quatre ans! On verra alors!

#### MEDICAL NOTES

Hoo Hoo Hoo

Better get in training for the Medical Banquet. Every student is expected to attend. See the article on banquets in this issue.

At a recent well attended and enthusiastic meeting the following officers were elected for the Grange Society: Hon. Pres., R. D. Fletcher, M.A., M.D.; Pres., L. J. A. Legris, M.B.; Vice-Pres., L. E. Belcourt, M.B.; Secretary, Mons. Le Graham Wilson; Treasurer, G. E. Paille; Executive, Drs. A. B. Simes, K. C. Dean, and J. N. Brandon; Fellows of the Grange Society (by examination), E. D. Bissett, M.B.; J. W. Langham and J. Friesen.

#### AUTO SPARKS

Battling Bo did not get away with that other fellow's wife after all.

Sargeant Lennox Arthur and Constitutionalism are synonymous names.

Dr. Wm. Cole has joined the benedicts. Congratulations and best wishes, Bill.

Bud (morning after the night before) —"You know, fellers, I enjoyed re-

turning from the "At Home" in that limousine." (He pauses) "when we were going real fast, I had to hang on to whatever was nearest."

W. L. Pedlow left Thursday to spend Xmas in Vancouver. He is bringing back a bottle of B.C. climate.

Dr. A. B. Simes left last week for Toronto, where he will act as surgeon to some Western troops.

Tom Blakley says the poet who wrote "The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow" should be hanged and Kaiserized.

#### MEDICAL BOWLING

The Annual Bowling Tournament was successfully carried off at the Saratoga Alleys, on Dec. 2nd. Much excitement prevailed. The team, captained by "Rusty" Gorrel finally won out by a fair margin. Whistling White had the highest score for a single game with 188 and "Colly" Stewart copped the highest average for three games with 165.

After the games the players went to the St. Regis, where an enjoyable luncheon was served.

The Interclass Bowling Competition opened with a tournament between the Second and Third years. After three close and exciting games the Second Year landed on top with a majority of 23 pins. McGinness of the '18 class proved a "dark horse." His bowling was phenomenal.



"Gentleman, I promise you that it will be a large evening." Extract from a talk by H. K. Groff. It is presumed that he meant the Banquet.

As this is the last issue of the term, we wish the readers of the College corner and *The Manitoban* a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; and to all students a place on the list of the successful in the examinations.

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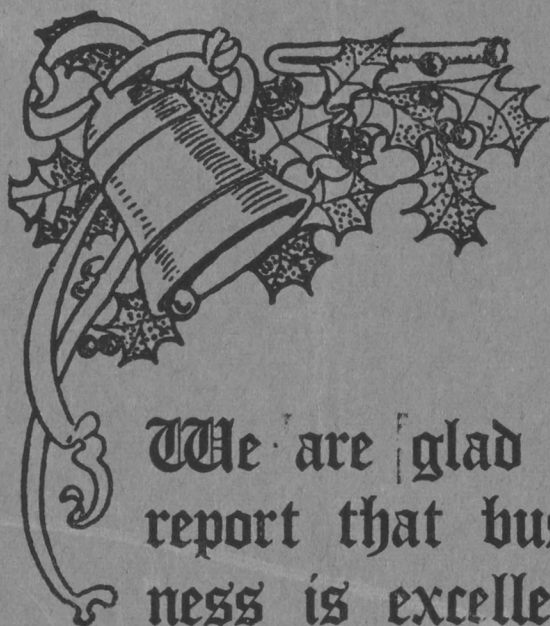
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